Marie's Master.

BY FRANK J. MATHEWS.

Early in October I had finished the Tan Bark school, and in accordance with a long cherished plan for pleasure, I engaged passage for a trip down river. My carpet sack was packed with a few books and writing material, and one evening, after bidding my father and mother a good bye, which was the first that I had ever said to them with the exception of an absence of more than a day, I made my way to the landing, so that Old Boggs, the flatboatman, would not be hindered, but could start as soon as there was sufficient light the next morning.

At daybreak I was aroused by the splash of water, which Old Boggs was vigorously rolling up against the side of our craft in his efforts to free it from the sand bar upon which he had drawn it the night before. I arose hastily, and dressing as I went, hurried to his assistance. We were soon clear of the shore and floating with the current of the grand old river, whose waters at that time had never been disturbed by the splash of steam driven craft.

It is needless to recount the monotonous chain of events connected with our voyage. Nothing more than the usual start at daybreak and tying up at dark occurred for the first twelve days out, but as the thirteenth was drawing to a close our story proper commences.

I had been on the look out for sometime for a suitable place to make a stop for the night, when some distance ahead I observed what appeared to be an island. I called Boggs' attention to it, who informed me that it was a "settlement." It was soon decided that we were to stop there for the night, after which the old scow seemed to float slower, as if to add to my curiosity.

We rounded the head of the island and made fast to a little log landing, near a house of the same material which stood upon the bank. We were soon on shore, and in answer to a knock at the door, a man emerged from the house. A mutual recognition between Boggs and him took place, but imagine my surprise when they began to talk a language which I could not understand. Boggs, as I could tell by their looks, told him who I was, and he welcomed me as best he could. We soon returned to the boat. After supper, Boggs, without any apparent regard for the general run of conversation, broke in:

"How would you like to stay on the island this winter?"

Not having given the subject the possibility of a thought, I was taken at a disadvantage, and he continued:

"When I was talking to Jacobs up at the house, he said they wanted a man to come on the island this winter and open a school in English so that their children might learn the language. Now, how would such a position suit you?"

I studied a few minutes, and from the same venturesome spirit which had impelled me to want to make the trip with Boggs, I consented to stay.

"Very well, then. We will go up to the house. I will recommend you to Jacobs and he can go around the settlement and see that the arrangement is satisfactory to the balance of the settlers."

As we entered the house, we were met by Jacob's wife, as I supposed, who having opened the door, motioned us smilingly to the fire, which had been kindled in the chimney place, for the evenings were chilly.

Boggs soon made known our errand to Jacobs, who lost no time in doing as Boggs suggested in regard to calling in some of his neighbors to make a contract with me. The novelty of my position can be imagined when I say that I was asked to sign a contract penned in German to conduct an English school for a term of six months, especially as I could not read a word of the contract.

The visitors did not stay long after the business had been disposed of. By invitation of our host, I remained for the night, Boggs returning to the boat to keep everything straight, as he said.

Next morning at sunrise Boggs cast off. Before the sun had reached the meridian I would gladly have changed places with anyone in Christendom who had some one to talk to.

When I first entered John Jacobs' house I was struck with the apparent difference between himself and wife in age, as well as a similarity of expression of countenance, so that I was not so much surprised as you may be when I say that Marie Jacobs was not Mrs. Jacobs, but John's daughter instead of John's wife.

There is no need of my going over the story of my stay on the island. I was soon at my work, and, as a consequence of being interested, made good headway, considering that none of my pupils understood a word of the language which I was teaching them to read.

John Jacobs was more enthusiastic than any other man on the subject of a school. Marie Jacobs was one of my scholars, and partaking of the nature of her father, was one of the most studious of pupils. She was enthusiastic, though somewhat inclined to be shy, and many were the hours that I sat by the fire and repeated the names in English of the different articles about the room. While I did this, Marie would say the name after me, mimicking my very tone, never satisfied unless I gave the much valued nod of approval. Thus matters went on, the winter, which at first seemed to me would be a long lonesome season, was half over. John played the violin, every man, woman and child, too, for that matter, in the settlement danced. Marie waltzed and she taught "the master," as they all called me.

The days passed, the weeks flew by and months rapidly drew to a close—months which marked the time I had been engaged to stay. Only two more were left, at the end of which time it was to be presumed I would gladly return to the parents I had left among the northern pine-clad hills. No such feeling of deliverance was mine. It was rather with a pang of pain that I contemplated the short time that lay between me and the time when I should say goodbye to these people, whom I had come to regard with honest admiration as embodying the true principles of self-governing independence. And Marie! Would I never hear her gentle, half-abashed words of broken English again? These thoughts did not long remain at first, but as the time of my departure drew nearer they occupied more of my mind.

The mention of my mother's name one evening a few weeks before the time I was to leave them, caused Marie, I fancied, to glance quickly at me, then, letting her eyes fall to the floor, in a low tone, which I hoped was assumed to keep back the anxiety she really felt, she said:

"When will you see your mother?"

"It may be a long time," I replied, which considering the fact that I had but a few weeks more to stay on the island, may be put down by the world's great critics, if they please, as a specimen of lovers' logic. I imagined that Marie was happier then——but maybe not. It is possible that what I think is solicitude for *my* whereabouts is simply a fear that she will lose the instruction which she so much prizes.

Thus I allowed myself to be tangled in the net of love, woven of golden hair, light, but strong.

Were I not her master, I could say whether it was for me she cared, or simply for the lessons I had given her.

At last I resolved to go to my home and not let little Marie know how badly it made me feel to leave her and the beautiful island, nor how I had enjoyed teaching her the words it was now such a pleasure for me to hear from her lips. Then, again, this seemed like a cowardice, for I believed she might have the same regret at our parting as myself.

The days passed on, and the next was to be the last of school, and still I had refrained from saying anything in regard to what I would do, whether return to my home or still stay on the island.

"You will go home to-morrow, master?"

It was Marie. She had seen me sitting on the rustic seat beside the door, and imagined I was thinking of relatives and friends whom I soon would see

"Shall I go, Marie?"

Only four little words, yet to Marie and I they meant more than pages of our lives' histories.

"No! no!"

She laid her plump little hand upon my sleeve as she spoke, as if to detain me. I took the hand between mine and kissed it—not the kiss of a master to a deserving pupil, but a lover's kiss—the first.

I did not say that I would stay, Marie had not asked me to stay, she had simply assured me of what I had already known, that she would rather I would stay, but what assurance had I that she cared for *me* in particular. None, except that little tremulous "no, no," and I kept repeating it that I might not lose courage; but I did,

I at last resolved that I would state the case plainly to Jacobs, the father. His opinion would decide me.

School was out, and that night, sitting before the house as I had the night before, I told Jacobs in few words what was upon my mind. His verdict, which, somehow, I did not fear, was rendered without hesitation.

"She loves you for yourself, and I feared that you would cause her sorrow, for you could see not her heart like her father."

The moon had risen over the tops of the trees on the eastern shore, the water rippled by our feet in deep shadow, while farther out it glistened and sparkled in the moonbeams. When Jacobs ceased lo speak the water seemed to ripple louder, the moon's rays to fall more brightly, and the world of which I had taken but little notice before seemed to be moving on just the same. I was startled by Jacobs' voice, although he spoke quite natural, when he resumed:

"Listen, Fred: Many years ago, in Holland, a young man of high people loved a girl who was not of his high rank. Their parents opposed the match, or her's, rather, his knew nothing of the affair. He married not the girl, for he could not own her before the world, and he would not have her place herself falsely that he might have her for his own. Time passed, they still loved. The young man dispaired, and quitting his native country, came to America. For a time the little woman bore up under the loss of her lover, sustained by a hope that he might return. At last, however, her heart, which was stout at first, grew faint, and she mourned for him as either faithless or dead; and then hardly knowing what she did, she went to the harbor and stealing on board a vessel which was loading at the port, secreted herself among the merchandise of the hold. The stout ship soon set sail for a foreign shore, and there, away down in a dark, damp, lonesome place, tossed hither and thither by the rolling of the black waters which are but a few inches from her, laid the little woman—alone in a wide world. Many a stout heart would quail at this—she cried—we will not censure her.

At length men are sent below to secure the ship's cargo, and she comes to them as a sprite from the great deep. After their first exclamations of surprise, they carry her on deck. When she was below, she could in fancy face the boats' master, but now that she was brought to him face to face, her eyes dropped to the floor. Notwithstanding the tearstained childlike face, the captain ordered chains put upon her wrists. The time, of which she took but little notice, wore on, and at length the ship landed. She was taken before a magistrate whom she could not understand. After a brief trial, she was taken away she knew not whither. Her arm was chained to that of another woman, a negro, who seemed in nearly the same humble position as herself.

A ray of light in utter darkness! A voice she knows! Not only knows, but has heard in her dreams for years! The overseer, her lover! The hand that she once fondly caressed, that was once white and soft as her own, is now tanned and hardened, and in it he holds a whip with which to drive human beings, and she is one of them. His voice, which was once so kind and tender, is now harsh and full of bitterness—hate for humanity.

She thought not to let him know that she were near; he probably would not care for the little girl who had afforded a passing pleasure several summers before.

He saw a little figure in his gang totter and fall to the ground. He dismounted from the horse he rode, and taking her none too gently by the arm, raised her up.

"My God! How was this? Thousands of miles from home, in the slave gang!" She was delirious when she awoke. Whether to call her by name, whether it were really her, whether she knew him, were thoughts that passed through his mind like a flash. She seemed not to know him, and still she must. She had probably forgotten him, and she would certainly resent his offers now, having seen him in so mean a character, even though she had not forgotten him. He could refrain no longer; he spoke to her by name. She awoke as from a dream. He held her to his heart for a brief moment, and then raised her gently to the horse which he had ridden. The cruel chain which had fettered her hands was removed.

That was many years ago. The girl was Marie's mother, I am the man.

Marie, the daughter, is my wife; we now have another little Marie, who is learning to talk English with the assistence of her mother, father and grandfather.

The "Dutch Mail" Hoax.

Some fifty years ago an article appeared in the Leicester *Herald*, under the title of "The Dutch Mail," with the announcement that it had arrived too late for translation and had been set up and printed in the original,

A great deal of attention was attracted to the article, many Dutch scholars announcing in print that it was not in any dialect with which they were acquainted, until it was finally discovered to be a hoax.

Sir Richard Phillips, the editor of the paper, tells this story of how it was conceived and carried out:

"One evening, before one of our publications, my men overturned two or three colums of the paper in type. We had to get ready some way for the coaches, which at 4 in the morning required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion we were short nearly a column but there stood a tempting column of 'pye' on the galleys. It suddenly struck me that this might be thought dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the foreman and so away the country edition went with its philological puzzle to worry the honest agricultural readers' heads. There was plenty of time to set up a column of plain English for the city edition."

Sir Richard tells of one man whom he met in Nottingham who for thirty years preserved a copy of the Leicester *Herald*, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.—*London Wit and Wisdom*,

Venezuela's Future.

Venezuela is in rather a stormy period just at present, but has been through many such and will doubtless emerge from it in good condition and, if indications are anything, will some day be a flourishing country. Congressman Jehu Baker, of Belleville, who was this country's Minister to Venezuela nearly seven years, predicts for the little republic a great future. It can be made capable, he says, of sustaining 50,000,000 people. The present population is 2,000,000. The people are intelligent and courteous, and the better classes are well educated and great admirers of this country. They have, at present, only three or four railroads and they are short, extending only a few miles from the coast into the interior, but others are projected and in a few years every portion of the republic will have communication by rail or river with the sea. Telegraph lines extend in all directions and the telephone and electric light are almost as common in Caracas, a city of 60,000 people, as in St. Louis. The inhabitants of Venezuela generally follow cattle raising, farming or mining, the mines being very rich. The exports are principally coffee, cocoa, sugar and hides. The capital is a handsome city, having a university, public schools, many handsome residences, and ten large churches of the Byzantine style of architecture. The climate Congressman Baker describes as a perpetual succession of spring, shading into summer, and summer into spring again, with no extremes, the average temperature being about seventy degrees. A bronze statue of George Washington adorns a plaza fronting the church of Santa Teresa. The President, when Minister Baker returned home in 1885 was Gen. Joaquin Crespo, a man of ability and good judgment. He was succeeded two years ago by Gen. Blanco, whose term of office expired a few weeks ago. Blanco is now in Europe trying to have the troubles between Venezuela and Great Britain amicably adjusted, and his successor has not yet been elected.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Elephant's Foot in Africa.

Speaking of elephant's foot takes us naturally to the Kaffirs, where this dish is the crowning triumph of their bill of fare. Night is the time generally selected by the Kaffir for the enjoyment of this prime luxury. Other portions of the elephant are eaten with great gusto, but the feet are esteemed the delicacies of the feast. A hole is dug in the ground and a fire made on the bottom. It is allowed to burn down to a heap of coals, which are scraped out by the cooks. When the oven has been freed of embers the foot is rolled into it and covered with twigs and green leaves. After this the hot embers are replaced and a roaring fire started over the heap. In this manner the food is baked, and when the fire has burned low the contents of the oven are lifted out by several men and the feast opens. Travelers who have feasted with the Kaffirs on occasions of this kind have paid glowing compliments to their cookery. The natives are said to love elephant foot next to the marrow taken from the leg bones of the giraffe or eland, but the preparation of this food does not afford the enjoyment which is associated with the dish we have described.

The Kaffirs are fond of locusts also. They eat them whole, just as more civilized people devour shrimps. They have too, a certain fondness for lion's flesh, about the toughest dish anyone can sit down to. The late Gordon Cumming, who was familiar with the secrets of the Kaffir kitchen, used to say, that "a very good idea of the meat which is usually obtained in Kaffirland may be gained by taking the very worst part of the toughest possible beef, multiplying the toughnest by ten and subtracting the gravy."—*New York Star.*

Improved Diamonds.

Many persons have been puzzled to understand why the diamonds worn in earrings by ladies nowadays maintain such a ceaseless quivering motion. It makes no difference that the head of the wearer is in perfect repose, and that she is even speechless, and therefore exerting no muscle of face or feature, the ceaseless twinkle of the diamond goes on, enhancing greatly the beauty of the gem. The secret is in the setting of the diamond, and the method is a patent device. The patentee is reaping a royalty of $50 apiece from every manufacturing jeweler to whom he sells the privilege of using it. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the framework. On the other side of this band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is a projecting pin pointed with rhodium, a metal which never wears out—somewhat like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped. Now, when the diamonds are put in position on the hoop the rhodium point projects into the cup. The result is what scientists would call a condition of unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with the pipe by a schoolboy the diamond is given no rest, with the difference that no effort is required to keep it dancing. The metal point never wears out.—St. Louis Spectator.

Frank File, Correspondent.

Franklin File is the name by which the dark eyed man, suave of manner, with a broad white brow and a long black mustache, who dropped into the Gilsey last night, is known to the newspaper men of the country. The outside public knows him as "Clara Belle," "Gilsey, Oscar," and by the diverse other non de plumes with which he masks his personalty. File is a typical "all-round" American newspaper man, active, keen, crisp, cynical, with a satanical humor and a matchless "News" style. I know only his outside work; his bits of local color, his etchings of people, his photographs of the life and character and circumstance of New York. He writes of Gotham as only a Gothamite can. He knows the town and its people and habits of thought and ways of looking at things. To his fellow craftsmen the statement that he is an ornament of the Sun staff describes his work. His income is quoted at $10,000 and he twists every dollar of it out of the ends of his fingers.—New York Graphic.

Fortunate Ticket Holders.

L'Anse (Mich.) Sentinel, March 3.

Some three or four months ago a party working in the lumber camp of William Coach, on the Sturgeon river, clubbed together and ordered 31 tenth tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery. The money was sent by express and not with the order. When the order arrived at New Orleans, the money not being found, it was laid aside and afterwards lost. When the money arrived it was charged on the books, but the order having been forgotten, no tickets were sent. Early in February Mr. Coach, while in New Orleans, took the opportunity to inquire after the missing money, and the matter was promptly explained by the company and the money offered him. This Mr. Coach delined to accept, but took tickets instead, among them being a tenth of ticket No. 71,575. As is now well known here, this ticket drew the first capital prize of $150,000, in the drawing of the 7th ult., giving to the fortunate possessors the handsome sum of $15,000 to be divided among them.

Mr. Coach, to whose foresight they are indebted for their good fortune, has taken charge of the matter, and it will be divided among them in proportion to the amount invested.

There were sixteen in the club, the tickets being sent to Geo. J. Johnson, of Baraga, one of the number. Three of the holders were of one family, being John Bodwein, his wife and child. Mr. Bodwein thus secure a good share of the prize. Mr. Coach negotiated the purchase of a house for him this week in Baraga, and he has commenced the erection of another house upon the lots. The money is going to do good in each case.

Bishop Bedell is to retire from active duty in the Ohio diocese.

Purses are seen made of plush, with floral designs in silver beads.

In Italy but little credit business is done, and none without good security being given.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

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☞Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

Mrs. Louise Kellogg-Strakosch is to head an English opera company.

W. N. U., Omaha. 411—16.

The Old Silver Spoon.

How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness,
When I tossed me in pain, all fevered and sore;
The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness,
And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.
The old silver spoon, the family spoon,
The sick-chamber spoon that my medicine bore.
How loth were my fever-parched lips to receive it,
How nauseous the stuff that it bore to my tongue,
And the pain at my inwards, oh, naught could relieve it,
Though tears of disgust from my eyeballs it wrung.
The old silver spoon, the medicine spoon,
How awful the stuff that it left on my tongue.
Such is the effect of nauseous, griping medicines which make the sick-room a memory of horror. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective. 25 cents a vial.

President Diaz gave an audience to General Bragg at the City of Mexico.

"Don't Marry Him!"

"He is such a fickle, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a sad flirt. Esther, however, knew that her lover had good qualities, and she was willing to take the risk. In nine cases out of ten it would have proved a mistake; but Esther was an uncommon girl, and to every on's surprise Fred made a model husband. How was it? Well, Esther, had a cheerful, sunny temper and a great deal of tact. Then she enjoyed perfect health and was always so sweet, neat and wholesome that Fred found his own home most pleasant, and his own wife more agreeable, than any other being. As the year passed and he saw other women of Esther's age grow sickly, faded and querulous, he realized more and more that he had "a jewel of a wife." Good health was half the secret of Esther's success. She retained her vitality and good looks, because she warded off feminine weaknesses and ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

French artists have declined to exhibit at the Munich art exposition.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

English churchmen are petitioning for Irish home rule.

IN 1850 "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Max O'Kell's new book, "John Bull, Jr.," is just coming from the press.

Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

The Ohio & Mississippi railway is unquestionably the leading route from St. Louis to Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, O., and the East. Its already ample equipment and train service will be greatly increased during the coming season in anticipation of the large amount of travel which will naturally seek this line in attending the important meetings held at points to which it is the direct route, such as the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Louisville and the Southern Baptist Convention at Richmond in May; the Elks Reunion at Cincinnati, the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati, and the Catholic Knights Reunion at Louisville, in June; the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley at Cincinnati beginning July 4th; and the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R. at Columbus, O., in September. For all these occasions low excursion rates will be made and trains with special sleeping cars run through from St. Louis to the place of meeting. Correspondence in regard to rates, through car arrangements for parties going together, &c., should be addressed to A. J. LYTLE,
Gen'l Western Pass'r Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

John Wannamaker has given $85,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Bessemer's steel patents have brought him $35,385,000 in royalties.

A Big Endorsement.

We, the druggists of Lincoln, Neb., take great pleasure in certifying the satisfaction of our customers in the use of Railroad Remedies. The Remedies are remedial agents of Great Merit and we are selling More of them than Any similar preparation: H. T. Clark Drug Co., wholesale druggists; Zehrung & Dunn, B. G. Kenny, A. L. Shader, B. G. Kostka, G. B. Chapman, W. J. Turner, J. H. Harley, McArthur & Son, H. W. Brown, Kennard & Riggs, Steiner & Schuetz.

For Coughs, Colds and Consumption use the "COUGH CURE." For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Colic, and all pain, use the PAIN CURE. Positively the best family medicine known.

A Washington lady must pay $1 to have her hair combed in style.

Land Excursion to California.

May 3d and June 15th a land excursion to California will leave Omaha over the Burlington Route. Those desiring lands for farming or fruit raising send stamp for catalogue.

Parties buying land from us will give them free second class transportation one way. C. W. MOUNT, General Agent,
Barker Block, Omaha, Neb.

Darwin's life has reached a sale of 96,000 in England.

The latest ladies' shopping pencils are of gold, compactly set with turquoises.

In Australia a credit of six months is generally allowed.

Alfred Krupp left his wife an income of $125,000 a year.

Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, my child. See that they do not give you anything else. You remember it is the medicine which did mama so much good a year ago—so reliable, beneficial, pleasant to take—my favorite spring medicine.

Spring Medicine

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and successful Spring Medicine. Nearly a reliable spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel the impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the winter, to keep up strength as the warm weather comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring and you will be convinced that it does possess superior and peculiar merit.

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"When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was dizzy in the morning, had a headache, and no appetite; but now I can hardly get enough cooked to eat." EMMA SHEPARD, 1 Coral Street, Worcester, Mass.

"Last spring my whole family took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The result is that all have been cured of scrofula, my little boy being entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy as possibly can be. I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla good for catarrh." WM. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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To Housekeepers and Farmers.—It is important that the Soda you use should be White and Pure same as all similar substances used for food. To insure obtaining only the "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda, buy it in "pound or half pound" cartoons, which bear our name and trade-mark, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm & Hammer" brand when bought in bulk. Parties using Baking Powder should remember that its sole rising property consists of bicarbonate of soda. One teaspoon ful of the "Arm & Hammer" brand of Soda mixed with sour milk equals four teaspoonfuls of the best Baking Powder, saving twenty times its cost, besides being much healthier, because it does not contain any injurious substances, such as alum, terra alba etc., of which many Baking Powders are made. Dairymen and Farmers should use only the "Arm & Hammer" brand for cleaning and keeping Milk Pans Sweet and Clean.

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The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

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Instantly relieves CATARRH, HEADACHE, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA, HAY FEVER. Continued use effects permanent cure. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Inhaler sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. If after one week's trial you are dissatisfied, return in good order, your money will be refunded. Sold by all Druggists. Send your name and get beautiful cards by return mail FREE.
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INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine *for yourself*, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to *you* for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, in *any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain the knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most simple resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 100 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS. SIGNS OF DISEASE.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of *every* malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. **The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs,** such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. **Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES. **BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosticated, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, **who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes.** The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by sufferers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION. These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do *positive injury* in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS. To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES. **INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps.

STRICTURE. **STRICTURES